THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,

NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance,

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

SIDNEY DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON SIXTH PAGE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS,

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1854. WHOLE NO. 1722.

Choice Poetry.

AN INVOCATION.

[The following beautiful poem was written and published by Miss Mary A. Hubbell, a short time before her death.]

Where on thy kindly pinions, tortured Dust,
Oh soft celestial breath?
Sent to my secret from the Infinite,
Why should I call thee—Death?

On my white couch all day I wait for thee,
And through the downy night—
Until He commissioned thee to wing so slow,
And calm, thy solemn flight!

In velvet folds I hear the bashless play,
And blown violets peep,
Come swifter, ere my almost parted heart
Enters, for thine to weep.

Where will and pain, I ask from none to hear,
Eyes, keeping watch like stars,
Make earth so dear, that still my spirit rests
Without the crystal bars.

Should I repine, while thus in mine I love,
Just under Heaven's bright gate,
Until the angel of the Lord come down,
A little while I wait?

That lower sky is gloriously fair—
I am not tired of earth—
From other spheres I shall look love to thee,
Loved of my mortal birth.

But I have caught a vision of the prime
Arrayed the morns of old—
That serpent tree, whose branches spread the way
With Cain the Prophet trod.

And undersea's their winds my sons must dread
With souls bestabled—
I heard it whispered in the lofty night,
By angels at my side.

Turn, where ye thy silver pinions terriest there,
Oh! not without my love!
Sent to my spirit from the Infinite,
Why should I call thee—Death?

Pictures of Life.

REGINALD SHIRLEY;

OR,

DO NOT BE TOO POSITIVE.

CHAPTER I.

"Now do not try to make me believe that I was mistaken," said Dorcas Shirley, with a complacent, an old barrister of considerable eminence, who was staying at his father's, and with whom he was discussing a subject which appeared to excite him considerably, "or that I am certain to make a fool of myself, for I tell you that I am not. I can then turn out of the very corner, followed them in the whole way till they went into Mrs Yorke's, recognized that particular sheet which Herbert always wears, heard her laugh in that peculiar way, and I ought to be wrong!"

"It is impossible, but not impossible, Reginald."

"It is both improbable and impossible. There can be no mistake about it. Sir Paul Eglestill, still less in this place; and a man must be very much altered indeed, if he did, for something like an hour, and then be in doubt as to her identity."

"But if you are mistaken, remember."

"You; but unless pink locus blow by moonlight, and tall women shoot, I am not mistaken. My difficulty is recognizing a person by moonlight than sunlight. I am positively certain that I am right, and shall act on my belief at once, and I will be no party to deceiving him."

"No, but as it is very much more pleasant to suppose you are mistaken, than that your brother is carrying on a deliberate and shameful deception, you must forgive me if I think it is how often, under the same favorable circumstances the contagion, persons have been deceived, especially in cases like this that we have been discussing, where the tale of another person's misconduct."

"Oh! I envy practitioner thinks his own profession is always a perfect."

"Well, listen to mine. Many years ago a friend of mine, a man of considerable property in ——shire, which a few years before I visited, married a lady, the only daughter of a gentleman of the county, almost entirely from the Wars of the Roses, into those of a Queen Anne, a succession now, with whom, and whose family, I became intimate. Some years after my brother met once during all those years had been in the habit of visiting them, and whose party towards a reconciliation; and that reconciliation was when Sir Piers Lyncwood elected to receive his brother and his family in pardon, by making the hand of Isabel, their youngest daughter, in marriage. Whom he had seen her, and how wooed and won her love, no one ever knew; but the lover was indignantly rejected by the father, and the whole family, in accordance of the most cruel tyranny, locked their daughter up.

"So the unspeakable rage and mortification of my friend, Sir Piers followed his interest in the family, and the whole of the neighborhood, and he himself avoid best such a look of scorn, concentrated in a single look, as that with which his son and brother-in-law and brother-in-law regarded his cruel conduct.

"Something of a mystery, a blight upon the good girl's name, was whispered about, people had been guarded in their remarks, and the rumor soon died away. No one felt inclined to repeat, or keep alive, a conversation concerning one whose life had been so unhappy, and whose end had been so sudden.

"Some letters were said to pass after the fashion between Sir Piers and Colonel Shirley, but these gradually ceased, and were entirely suspended. It was only known that a deep personal hate, and blistering for revenge, displaced the baronet's mind the ancestral trait which had existed so long; and that in this mood he lived abroad.

"Twenty years after he returned to England, —shire, the possessor of Shirley Court; and how he had contrived to obtain the transfer of all the mortgages to himself, and thus got the property into his power, no one ever knew; but most have been the climax of a life long spent in

"With circumstances of great indignity and peril, Colonel Shirley and his only child, a boy of handsome, fiery boy of eighteen, were ejected from their home. They took refuge in a small cottage, which, with its scanty and little farm, were all that was left to them; and there, in a few weeks, the miserable old man died, languishing in England, and a victim of baneful resentment, to be paid to their prospective successors, as we still have method. My father never saw him; but which, judging from his manner and words, was not likely to be doubted in the moderation.

"From the day of his father's death people saw very little of Reginald Shirley. He grew stern, and dependent, and reserved, and neither the cottage and farm in a strange, reduced only two rooms, in which he lived. He was seldom seen, except during the shooting season, when he followed, at the very invitation of all the neighboring gentry, his favorite sport over their lands. It was observable to every one how carefully he avoided approaching the Court, although he was often seen by people at a distance gazing mournfully upon it; and, more than once or twice, was observed to shake his clenched hand menacingly at the house. At last, however, something after the fashion of his enemy, Reginald went suddenly abroad, no one knew whither.

"During all the time of Mr. Shirley's neighborhood to him, Sir Piers had kept state and revelry at the Court, nicely, as it seemed, to feel man who had so violated her, and who, in consequence of her accession to the property of her intimacy with so much indulgence and gentleness. For Isabel's sake she forgave Sir Piers' wrongs to Reginald, whom she loved in spite of, and not because of, his connection with a family whose conduct to her darling had caused her to detest the whole race almost as much as the harshest did.

"Well, for years Isabel and Sir Piers lived in almost solitary grandeur at Shirley Court. The latter lady became known in the country for a cruel and arbitrary mistress; and was, consequently, very unpopular among people, who, indeed, were afraid of her. She would have treated with liberality and consideration, and equally so with the neighboring gentry, the tenantry many of the poor around her, but for Isabel.

"Things went going on in this way, when one day Reginald, who, during his absence, had grown into a singularly handsome, gentlemanly, and accomplished man, came back to the neighborhood of his poor aunt Isabel—suddenly returned to his country.

"No sooner was his arrival known than all the old friends of his family called upon him. Their coolness to Sir Piers, and cordiality to the consequence; for, notwithstanding Mr. Shirley had been a favorite with every one, his manners were so cold and reserved, that the warm-hearted people felt as if plunged into ice.

"Sir Piers never visited at the Court, while abroad, or where he had been, he did not deign to call; he troubled nothing, except the consideration that he came to England expressly to reproduce the Court, and reside there.

"This startling intelligence, coming from a man who was known to have been almost penniless, and still worse, deeply involved, struck strangely. Spoken by many, the listeners would have thought it a jest or a boast, but Sir Piers was not a man to jest, and was not likely to boast of his wealth. Some said he must have had power to do; and, therefore, wondered—stricken, and fell of compassion as every one was, that he should have been so deceived, they had been told: and that, somehow or other, Reginald Shirley must have had some and intention of recovering the lost lands of his race. How he would manage it, and how Sir Piers would act, was matter of doubt.

"For some time, however, public curiosity seemed about to remain unsatisfied, for neither Sir Piers nor Reginald, nor any party, until it happened that, about seven or eight months after the latter had left the neighborhood, friends who do more mischief than all the enemies in the world, repeated to Mr. Shirley an observation which had been made by Sir Piers upon being told of his intention to re-purchase the Court.

"The manifest malice afterwards remembered how dark the young man's brow became, how his eyes flashed, and how he looked upon the observer, some sentenced words, sounding like a threat, which from between his clenched teeth as he turned scathingly away.

"An hour after this interview the great Gate bell at Shirley Court rang violently, which echoed through and through the silent mansion impressively; and there, standing at the servant's portal, he found the heir of its former master standing on the threshold, sternly demanding admittance.

"Scarcely allowing time for the announcement of his name, Reginald pushed hastily past the servant who carried it, and entered, unbidden, the presence of his enemy. For some moments he looked upon the one whom now each met back the gaze of his foe, with an intensity of hate and loathing that was only too visible to the unbiassed bystander.

"Slowly and sagely the man was commanded by the respect and deference of the many he ruled over, the wars of the Roses, into those of a Queen Anne, with whom, and whose family, he became intimate. Some years after my brother met once during all those years had been in the habit of visiting them, and whose party towards a reconciliation; and that reconciliation was when Sir Piers Lyncwood elected to receive his brother and his family in pardon, by making the hand of Isabel, their youngest daughter, in marriage. Whom he had seen her, and how wooed and won her love, no one ever knew; but the lover was indignantly rejected by the father, and the whole family, in accordance of the most cruel tyranny, locked their daughter up.

"So the unspeakable rage and mortification of my friend, Sir Piers followed his interest in the family, and the whole of the neighborhood, and he himself avoid best such a look of scorn, concentrated in a single look, as that with which his son and brother-in-law and brother-in-law regarded his cruel conduct.

"Something of a mystery, a blight upon the good girl's name, was whispered about, people had been guarded in their remarks, and the rumor soon died away. No one felt inclined to repeat, or keep alive, a conversation concerning one whose life had been so unhappy, and whose end had been so sudden.

"Some letters were said to pass after the fashion between Sir Piers and Colonel Shirley, but these gradually ceased, and were entirely suspended. It was only known that a deep personal hate, and blistering for revenge, displaced the baronet's mind the ancestral trait which had existed so long; and that in this mood he lived abroad.

"Twenty years after he returned to England, —shire, the possessor of Shirley Court; and how he had contrived to obtain the transfer of all the mortgages to himself, and thus got the property into his power, no one ever knew; but most have been the climax of a life long spent in

"With circumstances of great indignity and peril, Colonel Shirley and his only child, a boy of handsome, fiery boy of eighteen, were ejected from their home. They took refuge in a small cottage, which, with its scanty and little farm, were all that was left to them; and there, in a few weeks, the miserable old man died, languishing in England, and a victim of baneful resentment, to be paid to their prospective successors, as we still have method. My father never saw him; but which, judging from his manner and words, was not likely to be doubted in the moderation.

"From the day of his father's death people saw very little of Reginald Shirley. He grew stern, and dependent, and reserved, and neither the cottage and farm in a strange, reduced only two rooms, in which he lived. He was seldom seen, except during the shooting season, when he followed, at the very invitation of all the neighboring gentry, his favorite sport over their lands. It was observable to every one how carefully he avoided approaching the Court, although he was often seen by people at a distance gazing mournfully upon it; and, more than once or twice, was observed to shake his clenched hand menacingly at the house. At last, however, something after the fashion of his enemy, Reginald went suddenly abroad, no one knew whither.

"During all the time of Mr. Shirley's neighborhood to him, Sir Piers had kept state and revelry at the Court, nicely, as it seemed, to feel man who had so violated her, and who, in consequence of her accession to the property of her intimacy with so much indulgence and gentleness. For Isabel's sake she forgave Sir Piers' wrongs to Reginald, whom she loved in spite of, and not because of, his connection with a family whose conduct to her darling had caused her to detest the whole race almost as much as the harshest did.

"Well, for years Isabel and Sir Piers lived in almost solitary grandeur at Shirley Court. The latter lady became known in the country for a cruel and arbitrary mistress; and was, consequently, very unpopular among people, who, indeed, were afraid of her. She would have treated with liberality and consideration, and equally so with the neighboring gentry, the tenantry many of the poor around her, but for Isabel.

"Things went going on in this way, when one day Reginald, who, during his absence, had grown into a singularly handsome, gentlemanly, and accomplished man, came back to the neighborhood of his poor aunt Isabel—suddenly returned to his country.

"No sooner was his arrival known than all the old friends of his family called upon him. Their coolness to Sir Piers, and cordiality to the consequence; for, notwithstanding Mr. Shirley had been a favorite with every one, his manners were so cold and reserved, that the warm-hearted people felt as if plunged into ice.

"Sir Piers never visited at the Court, while abroad, or where he had been, he did not deign to call; he troubled nothing, except the consideration that he came to England expressly to reproduce the Court, and reside there.

"This startling intelligence, coming from a man who was known to have been almost penniless, and still worse, deeply involved, struck strangely. Spoken by many, the listeners would have thought it a jest or a boast, but Sir Piers was not a man to jest, and was not likely to boast of his wealth. Some said he must have had power to do; and, therefore, wondered—stricken, and fell of compassion as every one was, that he should have been so deceived, they had been told: and that, somehow or other, Reginald Shirley must have had some and intention of recovering the lost lands of his race. How he would manage it, and how Sir Piers would act, was matter of doubt.

"For some time, however, public curiosity seemed about to remain unsatisfied, for neither Sir Piers nor Reginald, nor any party, until it happened that, about seven or eight months after the latter had left the neighborhood, friends who do more mischief than all the enemies in the world, repeated to Mr. Shirley an observation which had been made by Sir Piers upon being told of his intention to re-purchase the Court.

"The manifest malice afterwards remembered how dark the young man's brow became, how his eyes flashed, and how he looked upon the observer, some sentenced words, sounding like a threat, which from between his clenched teeth as he turned scathingly away.

"An hour after this interview the great Gate bell at Shirley Court rang violently, which echoed through and through the silent mansion impressively; and there, standing at the servant's portal, he found the heir of its former master standing on the threshold, sternly demanding admittance.

"Scarcely allowing time for the announcement of his name, Reginald pushed hastily past the servant who carried it, and entered, unbidden, the presence of his enemy. For some moments he looked upon the one whom now each met back the gaze of his foe, with an intensity of hate and loathing that was only too visible to the unbiassed bystander.

"That smile I recollect made me feel very uncomfortable, for it awoke in my mind the idea that I had over-estimated my client's character, and that, however implicated in the affair, he was not the principal. However, I gave the hard nor the bad man he had been painted.

"After Winifred's testimony, came the last, and most important; the evidence of a gamekeeper, who testified to having met Mr. Shirley in the Home Park about sunset—that he had called him to stop, and had ordered him to pass them slowly, and linger on his way for, knowing the ill-blood that had always existed between the families, and more especially in particular, he was fearful that some accident might occur between them. He observed that Mr. Shirley had his gun, and Sir Piers his usual heavy stick. 'I could not be mistaken,' he said, in answer to a question from the Judge, 'for they stood on a place bit of the Park, a good deal elevated above the road, and open to shade them. The path I was on went close up to where they were, and, as I touched my hat, first to my master and then to Mr. Shirley, I looked at them both, and noticed that Mr. Shirley's countenance was remarkably pale, and showed the pressure all his life. I used to be undertaker to his father.'

"This closed the case for the prosecution; and then the prisoner—in those days prisoners were not allowed counsel—commenced his defence, which was long, impassioned and excited. With a burst of eloquent indignation, he denied that Shirley was indicted of a deep and deadly hate; at the same time he was the subject of concentrated, and, therefore, deadly hate. He proved his visit; then the homestead, who had overheard them, his angry words of threat and menace. The pursuit of the cottage where he lived, deposed to their landlord's return from Shirley Court in a state of great excitement; and that, after remaining alone in his room a few minutes, he went out again, carrying his gun; they also testified to his coming in about ten o'clock, without the gun, and with a shot, the lead and wristbands of which were much stained with blood. His manner upon this occasion was wild and excited, and he announced to the states upon his dress by saying that an accidental blow upon his mouth, from the length of a tree, against which he had accidentally come in contact in the wood, had caused it to bleed profusely.

"The next witness, Winifred Jones, who came next, corroborated; further declaring that she had seen Mr. Shirley himself with warm water to bathe his mouth, and that he left his blood-saturated pocket-handkerchief with her. The motive for his visit at so strange an hour, and for why it was accomplished in so extraordinary a manner, Winifred could not explain, but she was evidently unconnected with any matter now in question, having reference only to Mr. Shirley's visit to the cottage. In conclusion, the old woman gave a solemn declaration of her belief in the prisoner's innocence. At this time, his color came and went, his dark eye brightened, and his chiseled lips parted with a most beautiful smile, which, from the contrast with his previous gloom, found its way to the hearts of all beholders

Original Sketches.

SKETCHES FROM THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE POST BY REV. MRS. W. A. DENISON.

NUMBER XIII.

Advantages of the Colony—Emigration—Missionary Complaints—Dyspepsia—Fevers and Chills.

The more I see of this colony, the more I am impressed with its grand, its mighty resources. In the vast area they,[1] very same reliable late authority, visited Britain might find all the West Indies and Mediterranean islands. For the old country, and yet many acres there, but here all her waste supplied by the colonies of British Guiana.[2] Its woods, its tropical fruits, its immense tracts of rich soil, suitable for the cultivation of rice, coffee, cocoa, cotton, the extraordinary facilities it offers for the colonization of Africans and Europeans, its delightful climate, combine to make it one of the wonders of the world. Abundant supply find all of what they have to say and are thought superior to all other new or little known countries; but when either of the immense regions of our yearning love—the cold, inclement winters—the horrible fogs—the want of water—all weighty reasons for the laboring man to consider well, we consider at the choice that would lead one there. But the less expense, the less time one is separated, and with ease, and abstraction from the dreadful hosts of all terrestrial consternation—long drink—no fire for much loss, replenishment clothing, and purses really so disproportionate with comparative comfort. Therefore in the sun-ship, two in the afternoon, three, four hours of the morning, night or early day-breaking is the best working time in rest. Would many of our Yankee settlings might emigrate here!

I am happier than before many years we shall see a free American band in process of section on the plains between here and Philadelphia or New York, a staunch Yankee assembly, with the steel and ridges at her watchword! Then to the advantages of the climate become most widely known. Invalids will flock hither by a winter, road-out. If a consumptive were favorable in this rosy colony of Demerara, for pulmonary consumptive, that any other part of the world. Tuberculous consumption is to be known on the coast," says Schomburgk.—Many who have arrived with this view from the Europe or the Northern part of America, have perfectly recovered,—and Dr. Hancock assures us that "during his long practice on the coast of Guiana, he never met with an instance of pulmonary tuberculous phthisis nor a single case of calculous there." And this is not the case amongst the West India Islands, and for this plain, reason that however favorable may be the sea-breeze in the day, there is every night a cool land-wind, blowing from the cold plains towards the sea." Here, it is constant sea-breeze, day and night.

The last cholera, which committed such destruction in Asia, Europe, and America, from 1848, to 1849, and carried to the grave a tenth part of the population of Quebec, was never felt in Guiana—neither was the influenza or the grippe. As for the climate's exemption as to the ravaging terrible affected with dyspepsia and nervous complaints. I can testify to the truth of the assertion. Both my husband and myself had suffered severely in the States from dyspepsia, for the last year, and I had never remember a chronic form—but here it has disappeared from the face, and I assure you it is a wonderful benefit to cry out with such a pleasure. The yellow fever, which is rapidly disappearing from the coast, makes its appearance chiefly among the poor as here—English, Irish, and German. American seamen, who are more translated as a general thing, are well cared for, and perhaps drink less of the vile "ardent," consumed in the colony—most frequently as rum.

I was so much astonished as I could to, a healthful person who have walked here twenty, thirty, forty, and even, many years, ruddy, good-natured. Indeed I do not think I have seen in one place more so many aged people. When they are afflicted with disease, it is always owing to imprudence and exposure.

Mr. former Consul, Mr. Benjamin, nephew Ephraim, to the celebrated Park Benjamin, accepts, to that he has never had a sick day, and he has passed here many thirty years. Were you to meet him in England or America, you would quote him as the living picture of perfect health. This is owing to his correct habits. The never-varying succession of an light, land on, enjoy the field in a constant and even manner—temperate, while the evening while, hunting the planters of the watery palm, five next, rises of the cocoa-nut, and the rapid changes of our own clear shine. The birth, crowned with flowers, are many of them here made their home, and the sick, the aged, the poor, in search of its health and fruits. Here the cultivator of the water cresses, and the rich fig, directly Berbice and Essequebo with a carpet of plants, interspersed with magnificent mountains. Here the sugar-cane, which yields the most beautiful and gorgeous specimens of the kind, clings of its branch-loads of plenty, list of the world. And deciduous others will yet be found, perhaps even surpassing the others of it now in the world. Rich are the varying cotton-plants, and such as no northern climate knows, make the finest cotton yarn, and cotton goods, obtain at the world's markets, while the Sea Island cotton of which, although their resistance to the penetrating trade, they can rushing on at last good length. It is here, for the Colony, and it is the work of preserving his cleanings for "pepper-pot." Here the cool clear, and of flour, and of the coarse flour, materials for the breakfast-at the, and so the one may be, whether with the Will receipt for "pepper pot." I will send it next. Adieu.

Clippings.

[1] Temperance, quiet, oil, easy labor, and little care are better than pills or poisons—to all times, and especially these cholera seen.

[2] Better be afraid of catching cold from a thunder of cards

[3] God sends sent, the devil sends cards, and dyspepsia sends—tea, doctor.

[4] The man that was "struck by a calculation," is in a fair way of recovery.

[5] The lady who made a dash, has since brought her husband to a stop.

[6] A good tongue shows a wise head—sometimes, and, many times, a foolish one.

[7] The student who "read his head into," both, complains that it has got out of order lately.

[8] Don't say you never take snuff, excepting where you know they never give any.

[9] A man leading that a raven would live 300 years, bought one to try.

[10] Many a day, and, Sincerely knows to last, I say must, surely, forget the Poor Law.

[11] The lather who attempted to shave his chin, found that he couldn't begin to get a decent lather enough.

[12] A late English writer says that the only fault an American devotes, and "wonderful" the day that he takes medicine.

[13] There is a certain kind of vice that some persons will shun for fear we are so, but that is all sins.

[14] Those things only are well done in life—leaving form the pepper, escaping consume and causing death.

[15] The census of the Cincinnati Commercial says an honest drunk heavily, variety will not the taller is required for the purpose of investigation.

[16] The Indian who attempted to push a London on the Thames, and thought it was apparently gave it up as an impracticability.

[17] Fancy Fairs have become a standing nuisance. She says it is an entertainment on one of women's most valuable winter pastimes.

[18] Dr. Scott says that many a man now his head against a pump will be high time to think his country an ordinal service at the pump.

[19] To keep allegiance out of house is the strongest fact your small are found in a corner. We never knew it to fail.

[20] When a boy passes through a pane of glass, and he sits right, he whistle to keep company up, or keep the spirits of mind pretty down.

[21] In walking, always turn your toes out and your thoughts inward. The former will prevent you from falling, and the latter from falling into laughter.

[22] Don't under fear of "being hurt" by a piece of confidence, misadventure, &c., or doubt or at the time-one. An bad case or being worsted is a national asset. It is astonishing what an amount of knowledge some folks have of their own. Admission, and nothing barrier by the door, are great words.

[23] It is said that every soldier is liable to an army in our weight is bad for every man that he has.

SATURDAY EVENING POST

PUBLISHED BY DEACON PETERSON, BROTHER.

PHILADELPHIA,

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1851.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT APPEARS IN ADVANCE OF ANY REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent to the city to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

4 Copies,	$5.00 Per Annum.
8 " and one to the getter up of the Club,[1]	$10.00
12 " and one to the getter up of the Club,[2]	$15.00
25 " and one to the getter up of the Club,[3]	$30.00

Agreeable to Canon——Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add more names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time with those of the original Club. We will willingly supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club to end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The Money Order Office must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, will please to order a bill legibly written, and post address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will please to take notice that we have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please send in all orders.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, to avoid waste, as we have in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Persons wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post-Office to changed *from*, as well as the Post-Office to which they are changed.

It is true our old friends the Post-Masters, and other benefactors of the POST, will do so, if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offer themselves, that they will procure for us any Postmaster, or other responsible persons who will be willing to do so.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

Among the contributions to the Post during the year, will be GENERAL SUMNER by GRACE GREENWOOD and by FANNY FERN—MORAL AND SOCIAL ESSAYS by MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS—South—LETTERS FROM DEMERARA by MRS. DENISON—LETTERS FROM EUROPE by C. G., Esq.

Choice selections from foreign and domestic sources, Engravings, the News, Congressional Reports, &c., &c., shall be given as heretofore.

MIRIAM, THE AVENGER; OR, THE FATAL VOW.

In our next paper, that of August 9th, we design commencing the original novelet by Mrs. Southworth. Mrs. S. comes from this city now with high hope and in the best spirits—hoping to give the readers of the Post (if we may be pardoned for quoting her own language) "the most startling, exciting, and thrilling, and one of the very best stories she has ever written." Trusting that those high anticipations may be realized, we are at the great expense of this engagement, and we hope that our readers a story of interest and power, such as shall stir the pulse and swell the heart even in the coldest days.

We shall print an extra quantity of the earlier numbers in order to supply new subscribers—but would advise those who wish to begin with this novelet, to send in their names as soon as possible, for then is not to be astonishing demand for back numbers when Mrs. Southworth is the field.

OUR EATABLES.

While on the subject of eatables, the reporter of the market houses in Market street, would be greatly promotive of the mercantile interests of the city, if we had not fallen into the habit of it. I have to regret that removal so far as the center of the town—"There is no market in the city are quite as good or bad, in proportion as the consumer purchases directly of the producer. Some of the best markets in the world are those where the farmer backs his wagon up to the curb, or rents a stall, and expose of the butter, eggs, poultry, veal, &c., directly to the citizen. We have regretted to see in the city papers, the removal of market-houses to large and distant positions, and such as no northern people know, make the farmer expensive. The system of market-houses, and such as no northern people know, make the farmer expensive. The system of market-houses, and such as no northern people know, make the farmer expensive. The system of market-houses

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1854.

Congressional News

THIRTY-THIRD CONGRESS. FIRST SESSION.

SENATE.

On the 13th, Mr. Sumner presented several memorials from Massachusetts, against the Fugitive Slave Law.

On motion of Mr. Hamlin, the Senate took up the bill for the better preservation of life and property in vessels shipwrecked on the coast of the United States; the same was read three times and passed.

Mr. Mason called up the resolutions for fixing the salary of the employees of the Senate; the pay of the committee clerks, on motion of Mr. Pettit, was raised to $6 per day. The salaries of the fifteen Messengers, on motion of Mr. Chase were raised to $1,200 each; and the pay of the mail-boys was raised from $550 to $750 per annum.

The House joint resolution giving the employees of the Legislative Department an increase of 20 per cent. on their compensation, and prohibiting hereafter the usual extra allowance, was taken up and passed.

The Homestead Bill being under discussion, Mr. Wade called the attention of the Senate to the report of the Globe of Mr. Clayton's speech of last week on this bill. In the speech, as published, were words which he did not think had been spoken. The Senator was represented as speaking in reply to certain Senators, who were not named, as having uttered speeches disparaging of American citizens, and as discriminating in favor of foreigners. The Senator from Iowa had asked the Senator to name the Senator who had so spoken. The Senator from Delaware was reported as saying, "The Senators from New York and Ohio will not eat their words so soon, I think." He wished now to understand if the Senator from Delaware meant by the remarks, as published, to insinuate that he (Mr. Wade) had spoken disparagingly of American born citizens? If the Senator intends to insinuate that he (Mr. Wade) had said anything in disparagement of American citizens, if anybody said that he had said so, he asserted that which was as silly as it was false and malicious. He would like the Senator to say if he was to be understood as making such an assertion. He paused for a reply.

Mr. Clayton—I will answer when you get through.

Mr. Wade resumed by saying that he had said nothing which could be tortured into a disparagement of American citizens. [...]

[...] accompanying the memorial is one which states that the Commissioner declared that he would give $50 cheerfully to be released from making the decision, and that on account of it he lost two nights' sleep, and had no comfort while in church on Sunday. No wonder at this. It was an early maxim of the common law, that it were better that one hundred guilty persons should escape than one innocent person suffer. A wise man of antiquity remarked, in words often admired, that in his opinion the best government was that under which a wrong to a single citizen was resented as a wrong to the whole commonwealth. And, sir, only at this session Congress has offered its homage to an American officer, who, in a distant sea, interposed the power of the Government to shield the liberty of an obscure person who claimed his protection. If the spirit of this act had, of these sentiments prevailed here, an outrage like that described by the memorialists could not occur without arousing at once the indignant judgment of Congress. I move the reference of the memorial to the Committee on the Judiciary.

Mr. Clay—The Senator quotes an old saying from the common law. There is another, sir, to be derived from higher authority, from the sayings of the wise man of Israel—"The dog will return to his vomit." I do not expect, sir, that we shall be able to correct vicious and depraved instincts or corrupt taste; but I do protest against tolerating an abuse of the rules of the Senate, in order to reiterate those hackneyed set phrases which we have heard repeated so often.

Mr. Sumner—I am accustomed to answer on this floor anything in the shape of argument, and I hold myself ready at all times to meet it. I hold myself also at all times ready to meet any Senator here who keeps within the rules and orders of debate, for that man is my peer; but a Senator who does not keep within the rules and the orders of debate is not my peer.

Mr. Dawson—I should say nothing on the subject if the State which I have the honor to represent had not been alluded to, and alluded to in a manner in which it would not have been, I think, if the Senator from Massachusetts had considered well what he was saying. I suppose he justifies himself upon the representation of facts made in that petition. I only beg to say to the Senate, and through them to the country, that the allegations contained in the petition are not correct; and I feel that this is not the proper place to set afloat as facts statements which have no actual foundation. Now, sir, it so happens that I am acquainted with Colonel Dean, the Senator from the city of Macon and county of Bibb in the Legislature of the State of Georgia, and I know the case to which the Senator referred. I received a communication from a personal friend, Mr. Wales, of Wilmington, Delaware, who was one of the attorneys, and I think the leading attorney engaged in the trial. I recommended to him that if there was the least belief whatever that the boy Davis was a free person of color, Judge Nesbitt, of the Supreme Court of Georgia, should be employed to investigate the case. Colonel Dean, knowing the facts, asked that the laws of the country should be invoked to try whether he was a free person of color or not. He is now in Georgia, and the question can be tried there. A correspondence has taken place on the subject between Mr. Dean and some individual at Wilmington. Mr. Dean stated to them that the boy was there, and that if any of them believed he was a free person, and could convince him such was the fact, he would be the last man in the world to retain [...]

[...]

POLITICAL NEWS.

Kansas.—We find in the [...] a letter from Mr. S. [...] of Cincinnati, [...] He N. Wood, who has emigrated to Kansas, writes from Independence, Mo., on the 27th ult.: "A dozen families of Free Soilers have already commenced a settlement upon Kansas River. A meeting is called, on July 8, of those friendly to making Kansas a free State. Emigrants from Iowa, Illinois, and Indiana, are arriving daily."

Mr. Hays, a "Know-Nothing," was recently elected Commonwealth's Attorney, at Norfolk, Virginia.

How to Catch a Thief.—One morning recently, says the Clarksville (Va.) "Tobacco Plant," some tobacco being missed from one of our factories, the owner, after failing in all his efforts to detect the thief and regain his property, applied to Henry W. Dunkley, an ingenious citizen of Clarksville, to know if his ingenuity could devise a plan to effect his object. Mr. Dunkley replied that he thought he could, and requested the names of all suspicious characters who had access to the tobacco. He then sat down with great deliberation, and wrote the name of each negro upon a slip of paper. They were then called up, and each furnished with a slip of paper bearing his own name. They were requested to place them in their pockets and preserve them till evening, when they would be called for, and the thief (they were told) would be found with the longest piece of paper. Mr. Dunkley called in the evening, and all the papers were delivered up when it was discovered that one of them, in possession of Munford, had been shortened about an inch. Of course, the case was a plain one; Mr. Dunkley's device had succeeded perfectly, and Munford received the merited reward.

Don't Want their Prayers.—From some unexplained cause, the Czar of Russia has just notified the Israelitish priests within his dominions that they are not expected to offer up any more prayers for the success of the Russian arms. Doubtless this will be a great relief to the persecuted children of Jacob, to whom their own prayers must have seemed a mockery in the sight of God, unless, indeed, they believe [...]

[...]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Local News.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

THE STOCK MARKET.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JULY 27.

Bank Note List.

Marriages.

Deaths.

THE CABIN BOY'S STORY.

PRINTERS' INKS.

HOE & CO.'S PATENT GROUND SAWS.

GALLAGHER & HALLOWAY,

CABINET WAREHOUSE. GEORGE J. HENKELS,

FASHION AND FAMINE.

FOREIGN LANDS,

ROOT'S FREE GALLERY.

LIBERTY STOVE WORKS.

BOOK AGENTS!

S. M. HOPPER. GOLD LEVER WATCHES.

LANDSCAPE GLASSES. CLAUDE LORRAINE MIRRORS.

A VERY pleasing and valuable instrument for viewing Clouds, Landscapes, &c., &c., particularly adapted for use in the country and at the sea shore. These MIRRORS are carefully packed, and can be sent by express to any part of the United States." McALLISTER & BROTHER, Opticians, jy29-1t 48 Chestnut Street.

TRAVELLING TRUNKS.

A. L. HICKEY & CO., invite the attention of travellers to their large assortment of Trunks, Valises, Leather and Carpet Bags, &c., &c. No. 148 Chestnut street, Phila. jy22-6t

MOORE, HENSZEY & CO., HARDWARE JOBBERS, No. 181 MARKET AND 16 COMMERCE ST., PHILADELPHIA,

HAVING made extensive additions to their new store, are now receiving a large supply of GOODS for the Fall Trade, and invite buyers to call and examine their assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, &c., which will be disposed of low for Cash or short credit. jy22-6t

DR. MUNDE'S WATER-CURE ESTABLISHMENT, at FLORENCE, Mass. (three miles from the Northampton Depot,) is now one of the largest and finest institutions of the kind, being able to accommodate 150 patients, and situated in one of the handsomest regions of the United States. Dr. Munde is the oldest physician of Priessnitz's school, and one of the first writers on the system of that remarkable man, with whom he was intimately connected for several years. Address jy22-6t Dr. CHAS. MUNDE, Florence, Mass.

THE GREAT RED DRAGON; OR, THE MASTER KEY TO POPERY. BY ANTHONY GAVIN, Catholic Priest of Saragossa, Spain.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED,

DR. MORSE'S INVIGORATING CORDIAL.

LIVER COMPLAINT, JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC, OR NERVOUS DEBILITY,

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS, PREPARED BY DR. C. M. JACKSON.

MEDICATED INHALATION.

Selected Poetry.

THE JEWISH CEMETERY AT NEWPORT.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

How strange it seems! These Hebrews in their graves,
Close by the street of this fair sea-port town;
Silent beside the never-silent waves,
At rest in all this moving up and down!

The trees are white with dust, that o'er their sleep
Wave their broad curtains in the south-wind's breath,
While underneath such leafy tents they keep
The long, mysterious Exodus of Death.

And these sepulchral stones, so old and brown,
That pave with level flags their burial-place,
Are, like the tablets of the Law, thrown down
And broken by Moses at the mountain's base.

The very names recorded here are strange,
Of foreign accent, and of different climes;
Alvares and Rivera interchange
With Abraham and Jacob of old times.

"Blessed be God! for He created Death!"
The mourners said: "And Death is rest and peace."
Then added, in the certainty of faith:
"And giveth Life, that never more shall cease."

Closed are the portals of their Synagogue,
No Psalms of David now the silence break,
No Rabbi reads the ancient Decalogue
In the grand dialect the Prophets spake.

Gone are the living, but the dead remain,
And not neglected, for a hand unseen,
Scattering its bounty, like a summer rain,
Still keeps their graves and their remembrance green.

How came they here? What burst of Christian hate—
What persecution, merciless and blind,
Drove o'er the sea,—that desert, desolate—
These Ishmaels and Hagars of mankind?

They lived in narrow streets and lanes obscure,
Ghetto or Judenstrass, in mirk and mire;
Taught in the school of patience to endure
The life of anguish and the death of fire.

All their lives long, with the unleavened bread
And bitter herbs of exile and its fears,
The wasting famine of the heart they fed,
And slaked its thirst with marah of their tears.

Anathema maranatha! was the cry
That rang from town to town, from street to street;
At every gate the accursed Mordecai
Was mocked, and jeered, and spurned by Christian feet.

Pride and humiliation, hand in hand
Walked with them through the world, where'er they went;
Trampled and beaten were they as the sand,
And yet unshaken as the continent.

For in the back-ground, figures vague and vast,
Of patriarchs and of prophets rose sublime,
And all the great traditions of the Past
They saw reflected in the coming time.

And thus forever with reverted look,
The mystic volume of the world they read,
Spelling it backward, like a Hebrew book,
Till Life became a Legend of the Dead!

But ah! what once has been shall be no more!
The groaning earth in travail and in pain
Brings forth its races, but does not restore,
And the dead nations never rise again!

—*Putnam's Magazine.*

Original Sketch.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TWO-MILE WALK WITH A WOLF

BY BRAINERD WILLIAMSON.

Reader, were you ever in the northern section of the State of Indiana, before the white man had well opened up the vast forests that border on the Wabash, and deepen out from its banks for miles into the interior? Were you ever a dweller or a wanderer there, ere the pale face had built those thousand beautiful villages that now stud that portion of the State, from its Ohio to its Illinois boundaries? Did you ever roam over those mighty wastes of land that extend their unbroken sweep beyond the keenness of your vision, ere the snort of the iron horse, dashing the fragrance of those magnificent flower beds from his side, awoke the echoes that, wearied in their reverberating journey across the vast plains, had sunken to rest amid the waving reeds and the bending trees? Ha, reader, if you have only been among the mangled scenes as they now are you cannot realize the grandeur of that primeval time, ere most that is lovely to the eye in nature had been despoiled by the out-reaching and down-cutting hand of Civilization!

It was before those gigantic steps of improvement that have marked especially the last ten years, had taken place, that the writer was sojourning for the winter in one of the new counties, but then being settled by a hardy band of emigrants from the States of Pennsylvania and Ohio. The months of November, December, January and February, had been unusually severe. The streams were frozen up, and the snow lay deep upon the earth. The brute creation suffered extremely, though the farmers had laid in supplies of fodder—hay and prairie grass—which, however, owing to the long winter, were dealt out sparingly to the hungry, shivering cattle. Even the wild beasts of the forest grew ravenous—grey and black wolves were becoming plentiful in the neighborhood of the settlers, and the timid sheep, often during the still hours of the frosty nights, were startled by the angry, starving howl, of their dreaded enemies, as they came prowling about their rude pens of logs and dogwood poles. And it was woe to the poor trembling ewe or lamb that had no such rough enclosure to protect it from the snapping jaws of the bloody and ferocious wolf.

But the winter at last broke away. The fitful blasts of March betokened that his snow-white tent would soon be struck, for the winds of Boreas waited to bear him again Northward!

The Spring, with its more genial warmth, came, and the frost soon began to exhale from the earth, and the hitherto ice bound streams were once more unloosened.

Among the earliest employments of the settlers during that, as well as former and succeeding seasons was the home-manufacture of sugar—not the cane-sugar, but the sugar of the maple.

When the sun throws heat upon the tree sufficient to melt the sap, and cause it to flow from a wound made in the wood, then is the time to commence operations. Often there are whole acres covered with the magnificent sugar tree, with perhaps scarce any other species of timber among them. They are Nature's grand retainers and suppliers of that luscious liquid, which, distilled, furnishes the sturdy pioneer of the West "a sweetening" for his rye coffee, or his sassafras tea.

To the writer, "sugar making" was indeed a delightful novelty, and to its manufacture, though on no very extensive scale, he readily and romantically betook himself.

Early in the month of April the "trees began to run," as the farmers styled it, and all hands were astir, far and near, "tapping," preparing "troughs," putting on the "kettles," gathering the "water" in, "boiling down" and "graining."

My father had, but a few months before this, removed from the beautiful bluffs of the Tippecanoe, and "pitched his tent" among the recently located inhabitants of this region. Many of the delicacies of life were very dear, commanding higher prices than new settlers could well afford to pay. Among these, was enumerated "Orleans sugar." But what was the use of giving twenty-five or thirty-seven cents per pound for "Orleans sugar," when there were thousands of trees full of better sugar, standing in the woods around! This could very easily be obtained, and that at but the trifling cost of making. "Encourage Home Manufactures" seemed to be the motto of even the backwoodsman, and so to the practice of it we went.

Some two miles from home, and adjoining the farm of one of our "near neighbors," my father took a "Camp," of which I alone was to have the management. For several days after opening it up, I had the assistance of one or two persons; but, at the expiration of a week, as the "water" ran slowly, with indications in the atmosphere of an unfavorable "warm spell," they were dismissed, and none but myself remained.

The next evening, having seen to the affairs about "Camp," I took my departure for home, carrying on my shoulder the very necessary companion of a woodsman—an axe. Crossing the fence from the sugar orchard, my path lay through a dense forest of beech, poplar, oak, and hickory—none of your stunted and gnarled growth, but tall, stately, huge-topped trees, such as the traveller may yet see in that section of the State.

It was not of the "profits" made that day, or that week, that I was thinking, when my attention was arrested by the breaking of a twig in the footway behind me. Turning quickly, I could see, in the almost utter darkness, that there was a very interesting looking object in the path which I had just trod. I could, after gazing at it for a few seconds, even discern its outlines. It is but Morrison's dog, Carlo, said I to myself, and, turning, I again plodded along, guiding myself by the white "blazes" on the sides of the trees. Of what my thoughts were that evening I have never been able to tell. They might have been of "sugar-making," of "deer-hunting"—or they might have been of friends far away; yet they were not of "love," for "sixteen" was still a stranger to Cupid and Venus.

Suffice it to say, that they were not permitted long to form for themselves any channel of pleasure, for scarce had five minutes passed, ere another twig cracked, and I again "faced about." Yes, there it was; that same large object, blacker than night itself, thus revealing its shape—but still Carlo was beguiling me, and, giving a whistle to bring him to my side, and make him more companionable, I again walked onward.

Another moment, and he was forgotten; for, seeing that he still kept ten to fifteen feet from me, I pettishly concluded that he might stay where he was.

At the end of a mile, a small arm of the prairie ran for a couple of hundred yards into the forest—being at the same time about fifty yards in breadth. To this I now arrived; and, stepping from the heavy gloom of the wood, I was thrown into the light of the moon, dimly obscured by misty clouds.

The transition from darkness to comparative day, had the effect to awaken me from my solitude of thought, and I involuntarily turned to speak to Carlo. Imagine my feelings, when, instead of Carlo, I beheld, half thrown back on his haunches, with his green eyes flashing like fire-coals, and his teeth snapping together, his ears drawn back, and his long bushy tail curled up to his side, not the supposed friend and companion of man, but a huge BLACK WOLF, of the fiercest species! At the same moment that my eyes met his, came forth from his horrid lungs a howl, that rang through the woods like the yell of a demon, and seemed to chill every drop of blood in my veins. I was a statue for a full minute. To move seemed impossible, though on the first instant of recognition, I had grasped my axe firmly in my hands. It felt but the weight of a feather. The horror of my situation paralyzed me. I knew that the severity of the winter had made the wolves doubly ferocious, and I had heard the old hunter say, that when the black wolf was hungry he was quite willing to feed upon human flesh. But what was to be done? To fly rapidly was to encourage the beast in his meditated attack. To cry for assistance, was useless, in that wild wilderness of prairie and wood. To rush on my adversary, and perhaps miss him in the first stroke, and thus allow him the advantage of a spring at my throat, was scarcely to be thought of, considering how desperately intent he seemed to be on procuring an evening meal. But to cater for his voracious appetite was not so pleasing an employment as one might imagine, who never had the opportunity of meeting such a guest in such a place.

To turn and continue on my path, was the only alternative left. Again I was out of the moonlight, into the deep shades of the forest, and ever and anon glancing round, I could see the still nearer approach of my unwelcome friend. After walking a couple of hundred yards I found that he was within eight or ten feet of me. Instantly whirling round, I brought him to a stand by flourishing the axe threateningly in his face. Down he crouched once more, and as that same blood-chilling howl rang in my ears, I prepared for his spring.

But, coward like, he dared not attack in front, and I again essayed to continue my way, considering, in my mind, whether it was not probable that "a few more of the same sort" might have heard his summoning yell, and, perhaps, at that very moment, were hurrying to his assistance.

In consequence of this not very pleasant thought, my feet gained new and increased powers of locomotion. So did those of my shaggy follower, whose grim, glaring eyeballs, were constantly meeting mine as I turned to keep him at the respectful distance of a half rod. Presently, we arrived at the top of a hill, between which and the hill on the opposite side, lay a narrow valley, dense with large trees and undergrowth, making it doubly dark and gloomy—a fit place for the attack which I feared. A moment's hesitation, however, passed, and down the steep, into the impenetrable gloom of the valley, we both went. Fast beat my heart, and yet slower were my steps, for haste would have drawn the beast directly upon my back. Midway after we reached the level, we came to a bridge thrown across a small stream. When half over the wooden structure, what was my horror to see the wolf rush rapidly up, almost within arm's length! Now, thought I, the time is come. Throwing myself into an "attitude," I swung my axe up for the battle. Again that unearthly howl roared through the valley, reverberating between the hills, till they almost seemed to shake with the sound. His teeth snapped fast and fiercely—his green eyes rolled and flashed and glared upon me with terrific fearlessness. At the uplifting of the axe he shrank backwards a couple of steps, yet he would not fly as I stepped towards him. Perhaps he looked for succor shortly—perhaps before I could climb the hill. No time was to be lost. Could I but surmount the hill, and the fellow finally conclude to risk an attack, I should be safe, for but a few hundred yards lay between it and my home. Encouraged and fully nerved for a combat, I commenced ascending the hill. The summit reached, through the openings in the woods, I could see the twinkle of the lamp-lights in my father's dwelling. Ha! thought I, now come ahead, you hungry vagabond, or wait, and let me get hold of "Black Bess," and woe be to those green eyes, if they still show their shining mark one instant for her unerring ball!

The space between the hill and house was soon passed, and, not waiting to open the side gate, I cleared the fence at a bound, and left my pursuer on the other side.

Then rose another of those horrid howls, and then another, as I paused for a moment, and beheld him with his fore-feet upon the topmost rail of the fence. His rage was at its height. His eyes were greener and more fiery than ever, and his white teeth shone plainly in the light from the windows as he gnashed them until his mouth was in a foam. I had gained the door—my hand was on the latch—one instant more and "Long Bess" would be levelled at the shaggy head above the fence! But, no; his prey had escaped, and, leaping away, he disappeared in the adjoining forest, howling at every bound, until the woods for whole miles were filled with the angry sounds.

Of my thankfulness you may imagine. There were grateful hearts in that humble dwelling that night, among which the writer's could hardly be the least sincere.

For more than an hour my nerves experienced the effect of the terrible stress which had been laid upon them. The extraordinary resolution which had come to my aid while in danger, forsook me when sitting quietly and safely at home, and I became weak and powerless as a child.

Never again did I have such an unpleasant adventure as the one described, faintly, in this sketch. It was unfortunate; and yet would that all unfortunate situations, of whatever nature, might turn out so *fortunate* as did my *two mile walk with the Black Wolf.*

PRETTY.—The following, by N. P. Willis, reminds us of his earlier efforts. His niece has recently deceased at Buffalo, and to her mother he thus writes:

"Like one uplifted in a march by night,
And borne on to the morning, 'tis to her
But an unwearied minute to the dawn;
While we with torn feet on the darkling way
Follow to that same home where she's at rest,
Waiting to give us welcome. Oh, sad mother!
The voice within the soft lips where your love
Looked for its music, is all hushed, we know;
The roses that it parted have grown pale;
But the same voice with its accustomed tones
Lends to her sweet thoughts utterance where she is;
And, oh! while in the softer air of Heaven,
It murmurs only its complaining, say
Is't well to wish that, even to the ears
That cannot sleep with aching for its music,
'Twere audible again?"

THE DEVIL FISH.—The Charleston Standard has the following concerning the recent capture of a specimen of this singular species of fish, near that city, by Captain Prince, of the schooner Ann E. Conkley: "The Devil Fish is a beast which has usually been very difficult to take. When stricken with a harpoon they usually start across the Bar upon a sea voyage, which it is generally desirable for small craft to decline. The rope is cut, therefore, and the fish is permitted to have its own way alone. They sometimes catch the anchors of fishing vessels and start off at a pace which is anything but pleasant, until time is found for cutting the anchor rope. In taking this fellow, however, there was no kind of difficulty—in fact, he took himself. Coming across the rope extended from the schooner to the shore, he grasped it with his horns, and the more it would not yield the more he would not leave it, and twisting and plunging, got it so wrapped around him, that he was hauled up in safety, though it is doubtful if he had made up his mind as to whether he had caught the rope or the rope him, before he was dragged on board the vessel."

Wit and Humor.

Country Scenes.

Tobias Hymn (to his partner, who has joined the militia).—"John, if thee will go out to fight, take care thee doesn't cut down any of our customers."

Selected Articles.

"THE ART OF EDUCATION."

The suppression of every error is commonly followed by a temporary ascendancy of the contrary one; and so it happened, that after the ages when physical development alone was aimed at, there came an age when culture of the mind was the sole solicitude—when children had lesson-books put before them at between two and three years old—when school hours were protracted, and the getting of knowledge was thought the one thing needful. [...]

[...] all creatures that the gratification consequent on the fulfilment of needful functions serves as a stimulus to their fulfilment—as during the self-education of the young child, the delight taken in the biting of corals, and the pulling to pieces of toys, becomes the prompter to actions which teach it the properties of matter—it follows that, in choosing the succession of subjects, and the modes of instruction which most interest the pupil, we are fulfilling nature's behests, and adjusting our proceeding to the laws of life.—*Extracts from "The Art of Education."*

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

MACAULAY.

POLYGAMY.

Agricultural.

MILKING COWS.

For the Young.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

CHARADE.

PROBLEM.

CONUNDRUMS.

The Olio.

For Housekeepers.